The Use of English.

"Word and Phrase," by Joseph Fitzger-ald, is a book treating of the correct use of English in speaking and writing. The same author published some years ago a little work called "Pittalls in English," of nai book is included in the present vol-ume, and forms about one-fifth of it.

Mr. Fitzgerala has occupied the post-tion of assistant editor on the "Forum" and the "North American Review," and was suggested by the general misuse of English words in articles submitted to these magazines. It will be useful to teachers of English and to anyone whose work includes writing for publication, and it will certainly do no one

any harm to read it carefully.

A part, and perhaps the most interesting part, of the book is devoted to elympiogy, and what may be called the science of language. Common errors and sole-cisms are then discussed, and the laws of expression are so summarized as to be intelligible to a schoolboy. The whole book is extremely interesting, and some of it is instructive in the sense of correct-ing mistakes as well as affording information. One of the interesting passages is that dealing with the difference between English and other languages as regards the difficulties which each presents to the student. The author says:

gards the difficulties which cach present to the student. The author says:

"In German all the words are of home origin; they are household words, indeed, and the precise import of each is understood, whether they stand alone, or whether they go to make up accounted as well by peasant as by philosopher. Hence in German no one ventures to inject into a word a meaning which its elements do not justify. In English the ctymological values of words, whether Angio-Saxon or Latin, are known and determined, but in most cases for the learned only; hence when new meanings attach to English words, none but the learned is competent to say whether the acquisition of these meanings is legitimate or not. The chain of derivation of German words is seen in each word; the deflections or the developments in meaning can also be seen in the words themselves. Thus in buch (book) the German plainly sees buche, the beech, and is minded of the beechen boards which were the first books of his forefathers, and when he comes across the compound word buchsuch (bibliomania) he has no need of a dictionary to tell him its meaning.

The importance of a thorough knowldge of English is Mere pointed out:

The importance of a thorough knowledge of English is fire pointed out:

"It is mere good sense and not priggishness to aim at the highest precision in the use of the mother tongue, our only access to knewledge is through language; our strongest its to our fethow-men now living, our only tie to the generations that are sone before, is larguage, our immenage. If we have an erroneous comprehension of our native speech, in which all our thinking, all our reasoning is done, we are inevitably in our conclusions, which is a rather serious matter, and yet not at all of infrequent occurrence. Want of precision in the terms of a syllogism vitiates the conclusion, and misunderstanding of the terms has precisely the same effect. And not only in our reasoning processes, strictly so called, is this result produced; it is impossible to take in the true meaning of a written passage or of a spoken discourse without clear understanding of the terms employed. Very awkward revelations of supposedly well educated men's ignorance of the purport of plain English words and phrases are daily made in the law couris when juries are selected. There is good ground for believing that even after selection has been made and the unfittest rejected, the jurors accepted do in many cases fail to understand the arguments of counsel or the charge of the court, through ignorance for treading of terms neither abstruse nor technical.

"The very general repuguance for treading anything more solid than the

The very general repuguance for reading anything more solid than the daily newspaper is due mostly to unacquaintance with the meanings of words rather than to unwontedness of the thoughts conveyed, or inherent difficulty of the subject-matters. Reading gives people headaches, or they drop to sleep over a book; the reason in most cases is that the reader has but indifferent knowledge of the language of the book. Hand to the same man-let it be a merchant—the day's guage of the book. Hand to the same man-let it be a merchant—the day's prices current, or a year's prices current, and he will peruse that to the end with avidity and without weariness; but give him a history of prices, or a treatise on the theory of price, and the book will be dropped before half an hour is past; the man actually cannot follow the thought of the author; he has not sufficient acquaintance with his mother tongue for that; he is a mercantile man in soul and mind, as well as in daily occupation.

The result of this commercialism is

The result of this commercialism to thought is treated in the chapter on the degradation of words and phrases, paragraph of which is as follows:

degradation of words and phrases, a paragraph of which is as follows:

"The degradation of the word sperifice (noun and verb) is worthly of the first place in the list of words degraded. The process of degradation is easily traced in the sequence of the word's meaning in a dictionary. I Immolation: offering to God for atonement, thanksgiving, or the like, a victim stain at the altar, also the victim itself. 2 in the figurative sense, foregoing inferior good for the sake of higher as when one renounces the world and its gauds to save his soul. 2. Renouncing one good for another, which may be inferior. T sacrificed vanity for the sake of politeness. 4. Any self-denial or hardship voluntarily undertaken; parents eacrifice their own interest to that of their children. 5. Finally, the foregoing of a positive profit, as when a dry goods man sacrifices 5-cent pocket hand-kerchiefs by cutting the price to 4 cents; this is always called a great sacrifice, the sacrifice by eminence, as it were. Now, when we consider that among the pagan Romans, from whom we get the word sacrifice neither that nor any allied word.

\* \* was ever profamed in popular usage, so far as the extant Latin lit erature enables us to judge, it is a singular thing that in the English language the most familiar and most frequent use of the word sacrifice is singular thing that in the English language the most familiar and next frequent use of the word sacrifice is in the sense of a seiling or dispoint of goods at a price less than they have cost. And yet the English-speaking antions have for many centuries been taught to regard all their highest interests in time and eternity as hanging on one act of sacrifice. Is this transformation a more secident? But there is no such thing as an accident in nature, nothing without its cause, and language, even the English language, is a part of nature.

Some curious reflections on the ma Some curious reflections on the make ing of English are as follows:

Ing of English are as follows:

"When the Normans conquered England the land and its inhabitants became the property of the conquered. The language is full of monuments which tell which race did the work, tilled the fields, produced the food, and the wealth, and which race enjoyed the fruits of all the labor.

"The Saxon churi tended the herds and flocks of his misster, and was privaleged to call them in his own barbarous tougue herds and flocks. His lord, had he occasion to name such aggregations of domestic animals, would use such terms as froupe, trouveau; but had he occasion to name such aggregations of donestic animais, would use
such terms as troupe, troupeau; but
he suffered the serf to call the mas he
pleased. The caretakers of the flocks
and herds were shapherds, or herdsmen, or swhesherds, Saxon words, as
were also the names of the animals
they tended for their lord—ex, bull,
cow, steer, calf, sheep, lamb, goat,
swine, boar, sow. But now came the
butcher, whose office was to take the
first step in converting this live stock
into food material for my lord's table.
The Saxon churls had in their uncouth
tongue words to express the office of
the slaughterer, and they called him
something like flether, but my lord
called him butcher, and butcher he is
unto this day. My lord's provisioner
would take for my lord's larder the
choice cuts of the slaughtered animais, and indeed all the meat or fesh,
leaving the offal, the hide, the horns,
hoofs, hairs, liver, and lights as the
perquisites of the serf. The fiesh of
the slaughtered steer or ox or cow was beef for my lord's table (Norman; the serf's table was board, Saxon); and the swine yielded pork, lard, farce-ment (all Norman) for my lord's sau-sages (Norman)."

And so on. The reader, after perusing little work called 'Pittalls in English,' of this careful analysis of the growth of the which this is an enlargement. The original book is included in the present volderstand not only the language, but the dersund not only the language, but the social conditions of the time of William the Conqueror the better for it. It is an elaboration, in several pages, of the argument which Wamba used to Gurth in the first chapter of "Ivanhoe."

To many readers the most interesting physics will be those which deal with

chunters will be those which deal with current blunders in the use of words, due to half-education and carelessness, A paragraph which contains an example of this sort of thing is found in the chapte on "Ignorantisms." The author says.

this sort of thing is found in the chapte on "Ignorantisms." The author says.

"In one of the resolutions of a semipolitical convention, the national administration in power at the time was denounced as recreamt—by which the resolutioners meant erawer, cowardly—and the Congress thee niting at Washington as truculent. The context showed that what was faulted in President and Congress was the subservience of both to the wishes of the money power, the President truckling to the trusts and combinations, and Congress shavishly obeying the commands of the Chief Executive. The writer of the resolution in question, and the convextom which adopted it, understood truculent as synonymous with truckling; but though the two words sound so much alike, they are as far apart as rain and ruin; there is even a conflict of meanings between them. Truculentus (latin) is a strengthened and lengthened form of trux (wild, ferocious) and means storn, grim, fell, cruel: and the English word truculent signifies all that and nothing else; there is in truculent no faintest suggestion of such meanings as fawning, crinsting, or obsequiosity. Truckling was the optities the author and those on whose behalf he swung the sen needed—sua si bona norat, had he known what he did want; the verb truckle is from the name of a low bed on casters, that can be trunded under a higher bed."

The carelessness in matters of speech and writing which is steadily growing among the American people has already reached alarming proportions, and unless some such book as this of Mr. Fitzgerald is circulated and studied carefully, the masses of our population may be reduced to some such straits as employing the classic ejaculation of Chimmie Fadden to express all possible thoughts. (Chicago. A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.25.)

### Recent Fletion

"The Tells" is a book by Edward Noyes Westcott, illustrated with several portraits of the author, pictures of his homes, and with an appendix containing some details of his life. It will be in teresting to people who have been smitten with the "David Harum" manla, but would probably have attracted little at-tention did it not appear as a pendant to the other book. The story, which is a short one, is writ-

ten in the simple and straightforward manner characteristic of the author, but so far as plot and characters are concerned, is a quite ordinary love story with a decidedly realistic flavor. The heroine's father, Alfred Samno, is a hard-headed old business man with considerable indiold business man with the people in viduality, and, in fact, all the people in the romance are individualized d' tincily.

the romance are individualized d' tinctly.

The appendix contains several letters of Mr. Westcott's, in one of which he says of his now famous novel:

of his now famous novel:

"I think I will not press further at present upon a depressed and over-crowded market. I should never have made any move if it had not been for the opinion of other people. By the time I had typewritten it the second time I was so sick of the stuff that I could smell it when I opened the front door."

A friend, Forbes Heermans, says of the look:

"Many people, hitherto quite un nown have unblushingly sel for known, have unblushingly set for their claims to be the originals of one or another character of the book, and while these foolish attempts to sequire a little uncarned importance are more absurd than serious, yet it may not be out of place here to state that all such claims are absolutely without foundation. The characters are all drawn from life, it is true, in the sense that they are lifelike, but not from individuals. Each one is entirely the creation of the author's imagination, and this fact he asserted with much carnestness over and over again. It should not dare put real people, just as I see them, into my book,' he once characteristically said; they'd spoil it." a little uncarned importance are more

As a companion to "David Harum," the little volume will be an acceptable gift-book. (New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$1,00.3

"The Secret Orchard" is the enigmati cal title of a story by Agnes and Eger-ton Castle, which has nothing whatever to do with orchards. The interest is psychological and ethical. The hero is a French nobleman with Stuart blood in his veins, a careless, happy, proud, and not too scrupulous man of the world, with a streak of idealism in his nature. The plot deals with the unlooked-for Nemesis which overtakes him just as he has made up his mind to be true to a long neglected ideal, and throughout the course of the story the reader is kept in suspense as to the exact amount of the punishment which is to be inflicted and the ultimate result of it all. There is a great deal of human nature in it, some rather excessive emotionalism much ingenuity in contriving situations, and a certain dramatic fitness in the denonement. Perhaps the most remarkable figure in the book is that of Joy, the walf, who is made the instrument of the duke's destruction. She is just such a combination of innocence, precocity, passion, and brain an one might expect to find in a medern French girl isolated from guiding and protecting influences, and she is altogether fascinating. (New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.)

"The Serious Woodng" is a new story of English life by John Oliver Hobbes; is scarcely pretentions enough to be called a novel. A perfectly unprejudiced person might suppose, from the perusal of the average modern English society novel, that the writers of such fiction were rampant democrats; for more brainless, futile and unmoral creatures than those represented as the English aristogracy were probably never put into pooks before. They not only play tennis with the Seventh Commandment they often play hob with the King's English and ordinary common sense, and make blunders which the average American grammar school child would not be found committing. Mrs. Craigie's

production is a fair sample of the kind of fiction above described. The situation is this: A beautiful young girl is sold to a brainless cretin twice her uge, because he has money, estate, and title, these being regarded as the ultradesirable things by her mother and her associates generally. In plain English, the important thing seems to be that the match made by such a girl shall suit society; whether it suits ber or not is en-tirely beside the question. After the match is made she may construct her own moral code so long as she has nothing to do with any one not born in her own sta-tion in life. The present novel seams written especially to exhibit this thory of life in all its unlovely nudity, and it is one of those theories which emphatically need to be decently clothed in euphemism. But euphemism has no place in the speech of the heroine's friends and relatives. The plot deals simply and solely with the problem whether she shall defy the opin-ion of this social world for the sake of the man of her choice or not. (New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.)

"The Quiberon Touch," by Cyrus Town send Brady, is decidedly the best work this author has done so far. It is full of ofe and movement and a certain vivid grace of style in the character-drawing and opening most enticingly with a smal sea fight, ends dramatically with a great one. The latter, taking place in the Bay of Quiberen, gives the book its name, and Admiral Hawke is a prominent figure

m it. The here is a young American officer serving in the English Navy, and the herorine a Breton Countess, fresh as a wild rose and spirited as the brier, with the peculiur charm which seems to be the dow er of this storm-swept French province The scene ranges from the Brittany coast to Quebec and back again, and the story includes the storming of the Heights of Abraham and two or three other dramatic sen fight between Hawke's fleet and that of Conflans is remarkably well done, re minding one somehow of Browning's ballad of Herve Riel in the graphle force of the language and the author's evident

enthusiasm for his subject.
But it is in the parts of the romane which are purely imaginative that Mr. Brady is perhaps at his best. Through the first half of the book the reader is led breathless from one exciting scene to another. The first chapters are idyllic is implicity and delightful in the quaint ess and freshness of the material. the more serious developments of the plot begin the author's power does not fall nor his invention stagger, and his situations are both original and at least possible, which is not always the case with a melodramatic novel. (New York: D. Appleton & Co.)

In "The Van Dwellers," a deintily II lustrated book in a brown cover, Albert Rigelow Paine has described the expericodes and tribulations of a small family sooking for a home in New York, with a vividness and humor which show that his story is founded on fact. The book bears the significant motto:

We were strangers, and they took us in. It is also announced as "very cheap-considering what the experience cost." The frontispiece is especially good as a suggestion of the contents. It represents the interview of a perpiexed and abashed man with a serene, aggressive, and volu-ble janitress. It may seem to the neophyte that the three qualities here as cribed to the janitrees cannot be combined in one person; but they can, and Mr Paine's book goes to prove it.

According to him, the flat dweller in

New York can have every sort of a time inside of six months, by using a little industry and enterprise. It appears that the hero of the book, and the Little Woman, and the Precious Ones, by which names he designates wife and children, were enterprising and industrious. The hook will be highly entertaining to peo-ple who have been through the experi-ences described or who have not got to go through with them, and will be comforting to the unfortunate mortals who are compelled to live outside New York. It would also be useful in preventing matrimony in that metropolis.

The interview with the ignitress is a sample of the style of the book. It runs as fellows:

" 'What's the matter with our heat upstairs

upstairs?"
She answered;
"And it's what's the matter with
yer heat, is it? Well, thin, and what
IS the matter with yer heat up-IS the matter with yet stairs?

"She said this, and also looked at me, as if she thought that our hear might be afflicted with the mumps or measles, or have a hare lip, and as if I was to blame for it.

"The matter is that we haven't got any, I said, getting somewhat awakened, at me fully a minute

looked at me fully a minute

"She looked at me fully a minute this time.
"Yez haven't got any! Yez haven't got any heat? An here comes the madam from the top floor yesterday a blin over, an sayin that they're sick with too much heat. What air yez, then, sallymandhers?"

And these are the joys of the glided metropolis, with its gilded and fraudulent steam pipes Mr. Paloe says that his were chiefly useful in playing movements from the "Gotterdammerung." He does not say that he supplied the solo accompaniment, but perhaps he did. The book is not great, and it is not wise, but it is one of those spley morsels of literature which help to make life cheerful. (New York: J. F. Taylor & Co. 75 cents.)

"The Owl and the Woodchuck," by William Harold Neidlinger, with pic-tures by Waiter Bobbett, is a piece of juvenile fiction thoroughly charming to the adult as well as the infant mind. It is a nonsense story interspersed with bits of musical lingle, and pictures of a whimread or told to children by some one who can sing and whistle, and thus give the musical interludes their proper effect, but it would be quite possible for it to make success with a youthful audience if it were merely spoken. From the musical preface to the pathetic tall-piece it is original, whimsical and amusing. The chances are that every child who hears it for the first time will want to hear it for the hundredth-this story how

The Out he was so wondrous wise, And the Woodchuck wanted to kno

Some of the pictures are in colors and some are not, but all are thoroughly Nally & Ca.)

"The Victors," by Robert Barr, is a story of American life, rather unevenly written, and with no particular merit except one. The central character is an Irish politician. It is not quite clear whether Mr. Barr intended Patrick Ma guire for the hero or not, but he is cer tainly the best-drawn personage in the book. There is one page of his ion that is worth preserving for the intrinsic shrewdness and aptness of it. It is his opinion of Christian Science, to which his wife has become an adherent de will not interfere with her faith, since, ike a good American, he is devoted to her and her whims, but this is what he hon extly thinks about it:

and her whims, but this is what he honestly thinks about it:

"What are the principles?" Well, now, you get me there, John. When I started reading that book—it's writ by a woman with a powerful flow of hanguage—I said to myself that either this lady ought to be fu some nice, comfortable lunatic asylum, or I should be wearing a straitjacket, I dunno just which, but I saw we had no burdness communing together. Our minds weren't built on the same interchangeable system at all, at all. I can understand the New York Try-bune—at least I know what the boys think they're trying to say—but this book of Mary Jame's is beyond me. However that may be, Christian Science is getting to be a great organization, John! I'm on to that part of it. When they're looking after their souls, they're not neglecting good, hard sash for their bodies, and that makes me think there's some inspiration in the thing after all. They've got branches everywhere and millions of members, and they see to it that the contribution box doesn't fail to pieces for lack of use. They can core every mirtui thing thirty the matter with you by just sending a thought message over an invisible wire that doesn't charge any toll, and that without any medicine or any expensive going to college. That's a great thing, John. It's tough on the drug stores, but incentive for the Christian Science abox, for they a great thing John It's tough on the drug stores, but lucrative for the Christian Science nobs, for they charge as much as a regular doctor, and insist on their money in green-backs, and not in thought currency like the treatment, which shows their own good sense, whatever it says for their patients' understanding. Begobs, John, it we could work that racket on elections there would be no need of a campaign fund, or a deal with the virtuous Republican party. We'd just sit here and thought-wave

the hoodlums along Fifth Avenue to

the hoodlums along Fifth Avenue to vote for us.

"I don't get enough out of the book to believe or dishelfeve. I dunno what she's driving at haif the time. It reads like an editorial in the Evening Post' mixed up with one from the 'Morning Journal,' all conglomerated with a milishake machine. But the dollars-and-cents part of the show which I get out of the magazine and the pamphlet is plain sailing. There's no begob nonsense about that. And it's quite in line with the genius of the time. When Jesus Christ was crucified there was only his ciothing to cast lots for. When the prompter of Christian Science croaks they'll be millions to divide."

If there is anything in current literal

If there is anything in current litera ture in the way of a summary of Mrs. Eddy more satisfying than this, it would be hard to say what, (New York; Freder ick A. Stokes Company.)

"A Japanese Nightingale," by Watanna, is a book unique in Anglo-Saxon fiction. It is the work of a Japan-nese author illustrated by a Japanese artist, but written in English; and the theme is the love story of a young American in Japan and a Japanese half-caste girl named Yuki (Snowliake). Clive Holland's "Mousme" is the only thing in fiction as yet which approaches it, and even Mr. Holland's work has not the delicate, cli-Holland's work has not the delicate, clusive charm of this. In reading it one feels the mysterious fascination of the land of cherry blossoms and chrysanthemums, and gets bewitching glimpses into the unknown world of native Japan. That the Japanese character possences much that is alluring and beautiful, Lafcadio Hearn and other foreigners who know the land thoroughly have assured us. But the gulf between the East and the West is so wide and deep that "never the twain shall meet" except in some such half-satisfactory way as this.

A characteristic bit of description is this in the first chapter, which deals with a peculiarly Japanese fete, and a dancer who figures therein:

"Some pleasure-loving Japanese were giving a banquet in honor of the full moon, and the moon, just above their heads, clothed in glorious raiment, and sitting on a sky-throne of luminous silver, was attending the banquet in person, surrounded by myriad twinkling stars, who biasyed at being her courtiers. Each of the guests had his own little mat, table, and waltress. They sat in a semi-circle, and drank the saki hot in tiny sups that went thirty or more to the pint; or the Kyoto beer that had been ordered for the foreigners, who were the chief guests this evening. This is the toast the Japanese made to the moon: 'May she with us drink a cup of immortality' and then each wished the one nearest him ten thousand years of joy.

"Now the moon path widened on the bay, and the moon itself expanded and grew more luminous as though in proud sympathy and understanding of the thousand banquets held in her honor tonight. All the music and noise, and clatter, and rovel had gradually caused, and for a time eloquent silence was everywhere. Huge glowing firedies, flitting back and forth like thny twinkling stars, seemed to be the only things stirring.

"Some one snuffed the candles in the lanterns, and threw a large mat in the centre of the garden, and dusted it extravaganity with rice flour. Then a shaft of light, that might have been the combination of a thousand moon-beams, was finshed on the mat from an opening in the upper part of the house, and out of the shadows sprang on to the mat a wild, vivid little figure, clad in scintillating robes that reflected every ray of light thrown on them, and, with her coming, the air was filled with the weird, wholly fascinating music of the koto and samisen.

"She pirouetted around on the tips of the toes of one little foot, clapped her hands, and courtesied to the four corners of the earth. Her dance was one of the body rather than the feet, as back and forth she swerved. There was a patter, patter, her garments seemed almost as if the pitter-patter of her feet was the falling of tiny

The book is fascinating from first to ist, and there is a somewhat startling and artistically contrived development in the plat at the denouement. (New York; Harper & Bros. \$2.00.)

# Southern Verse.

A youth by the name of J. J. Peterson, of Eutaw, Ala., has published a book of verses under the title "Peterson's Poems," a name musical in its simplicity. Phis is rather more than can be said for some of the rhymes. The author say in his preface:

"In prescuting this collection poems to the public. I desire to st not in justification, but in nitigat that almost all of them were writ by me when only eighteen years

"I do not deem my mind to have strengthened sufficiently since that time for the revision of the verses, should they require that treatment. Perhaps more mature years of lage will show me the faults in my diction, which now only the candid criticism of a watchful public shall disclose." This candid criticism it will be the sad

luty of the present reviewer, among others, to supply.

The trouble with Mr. Peterson se

to be that his ears are not trained in the way they should go, or he would not have made the following couplets rhyme so painfully. It will be observed that in quoting them, the spelling has been altered to conform to the demands of pho

Whee'er bath viewed love in its dawn, Waking the midnight into mawn: Or into wakifulness that weeps The beauty that so gently sleep Or into wakefulmens that weeps. The beauty that so gently elects. Far from the heart that fain would rest its anguish on a woman's breast—Whoe er hath seen love's and declin Upon a life that knew no sin—

And so on. Further on we find the poet rhyming "turn" with "ruin," "behind with "elime," etc. It may be that the people with whom he is accustomed to converse pronounce the penultimate word "behime," but in English literature it is not done. This is what may be called rhyming by main force, and it is liable to break something. If the author urges in behalf of his habit that Shakespeare was now and then faulty in this respect, he should realize that the faults of great authors, as the old darkey preacher said of those of the patriarchs, "are not for us to patronize." (New York: P. Tennyson to patronize." (Net Neely & Co. \$1.50.)

"Pebbles and Pearls" is the modest title of a volume of verse by Cleland Kernes taffe, who still more modestly calls his production a collection of "poems in patches." There certainly are some patches of poems in it; here and there is a ripple of musical lines, and a glimpse of a daintily drawn bird or woodland pic-ture. For instance, here is a whimsleal scrap of a jingle that is worth quoting: There sits a little wrinkled elf in the wild wood-

Incre and a little wratered in the wild wood-lands by himself— Near the braw brook that beams and bubbles he's brewing trials, tricks and troubles, With cunning jugglery and jokes to yex all proud and prosperous folks, Ah, surely those are lapped in luck who find a friend in eith Puck.

The author's worst fault is too great facility of rhyming and alliteration. He does not finish unything; but some of his versifying shows thorough familiarity with the love of nature, and it all sounds as if it were done for pleasure. York: F. Tennyson Neely & Co.)

### LITERARY NOTF

Prof. George A. Barton, who is assist. nt professor in Biblical literature and ant professor in Biblical literature and Semitic languages at Bryn Mawr College, has just completed a work in which he traces the social and religious evolution of the Semitic peo, les from the earliest times until that period when the various national Semitic religions were fully de-veloped. The title of his book will be "A Sketch of Semitic Origins; Social and Re-ligious."

D. Appleton & Co.'s October and ments include "The Quiberon Touch," by Cyrus Townsend Brady; "The Allen," by F. F. Montresor; "The Apostles of the F. F. Montresor; "The Apostles of the Southeast," by Frank T. Bullen; "Some Women I Have Known," by Maarten Maartens; "Shipmates," by Morgan Rob-ertson; "While Charlie Was Away," by Mrs. Poultney Higelow; "The Wage of Character," by Julien Gordon; "Other Worlds," by Garrett P. Serviss; "Drag-ons of the Air," by H. G. Seeley; "The Most Famaus Loba," by N. K. Blissett.

Strange stories, folk-lore gleanings, and studies here and there compose the new volume by Lafcadio Hearn, entitled Japanese Miscellany," which Lit Brown & Co. are about to publish.

"H4 New Epigrams" is the title of Wil-Ham R. Gross' new book, and R. F. Fenns & Co. are its publishers.

A new novel by Maurice Hewlett is a literary event. "The Fond Adventure" is to run serially in "Leslie's Monthly," beginning with the November number. The period is subsequent to the times of 'Richard Yea and Nay' and concerns the pleasant adventures of Captain Brazen-head on his memorable pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Thomas of Canterbury.

Prof. Edward Channing has been cross ing swords with Governor Heard, of Louisiana, over an attack on his "Stu-dent's History of the United States" by the Governor in his Louisiana Day address at the Buffalo Exposition. The Governor had been dipping into the pro-Governor had been dipping into the prafessor's book, and caught sight of a sentence to the effect that the banks of the Mississippi are low and swampy and that—what we believe to be a fact, by the bye—ocean-going stilling ships cannot navigate above flaton Rouge. These rash statements let loose the dogs of war. Had the worthy Governor read on, he would have seen that Prof. Channing says that, "Taken altogether and weighing the advantages and disadvartages, it may be safely said that there is no other land of its size on the earth's surface so admirably suited to the purposes of man as the basia of the Mississippi."

"Contributions to Mineralogy and Petrography" is the title of a book which serves a purpose broader than the mere presentation of discussions upon the titular subjects. Issued in connection with the bicentennial of Yale, consisting of reprints of some of the more importof reprints of some of the more important articles which have appeared during the last fifty years, and accompanied by complete bibliographies and a historical sketch of the development of mineralogy at Yale, it has also a distinct value in the history of the research and learning of that great university.

It is edited by S. L. Penield, M. A., professor of mineralogy, and L. V. Pirspon, 17h. H., professor of physical geography. It is believed that many workers in mineralogy and petrography will find it convenient to have the scattered publications brought together, and that as a book of reference the volume will serve a useful purpose.

A writer in the September "Bookman" says: "'Lewis Carroll, in his droll 'Fa-ther William,' had in mind a string of versified platitudes by Southey entitled The Old Man's Comforts, and How He Gained Them; Wordsworth is directly satirized in the inimitable tale of the old

man sitting on a gate; and 'The Three Voices,' in the volume of his collected parodies, is a fling at the Metaphysics of Tennyson's 'The Two Voices.' Among the countless parodles of 'Hiawatha' there is ne which cleverly burlesques the tauto logical Heense of the poet: He killed the noble Mudjokiwis, He killed the noble Mudjokiwis, With the skin he made him mittens. Made them with the for side inside; Made them with the skin side outside; He, to get the warm side inside, Put the inside skin side outside, He, to get the cold side outside, Put the warm side, fur side inside; Put the warm side, fur side inside; That's why he put the kin side outside. Why he put the skin side outside. Why he turned them inside outside.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co.'s autumn an nouncements include the following books: "The French People," by Arthur Hassail, M. A.; a new volume in the "Great Peoples Series," edited by Dr. York Powell; "Modern Scandinavian Literature," by Dr. Georg Brandes, a new volume in the Dr. Georg Brandes, a new volume in the "Literatures of the World Series," odited by Edmund Gosse; "Other Worlds," by Garrett P. Serviss, "Dragons of the Air," by H. G. Seeley F. R. S., "The Living Races of Manklad," by H. N. Hutchinson, B. A., F. R. G. S., F. G. S.; J. W. Gregory, D. Se., F. G. S.; R. Lydekker, F. R. S., F. G. S., F. Z. S., etc., "Bookhinding and the Care of Books," by Douglas Cockrell, illustrated, the first volume in the "Artistic Crafts Series," edited by W. R. Lethaby.

A new illustrated edition of Daudet's

A new ministrated earlier of Dandet's
"Little Masterpleces," comprising "Letters from My Mill," translated by Katharine Prescott Wormeley, and "Monday
Tales," translated by Marian McIntyre,
will be published by Little, Brown & Co.

"The Youngest Girl in the School" is a The foungest Girl in the Senoot is a story by Miss Evelyn Sharp, the author-ess of "Wympa" and other popular books of fairy tales. This book is published by the Macmillan Company and is specially designed for girls in their teems.

"Allin Winfield," the second novel b George Ethelbert Walsh, author of "The Mysterious Burglar," which is ann for early publication by F. M. Buckles & Co., has the distinction of being full of adventure, mystery, and movement, with-out resorting to bloodshed and fights in nearly every chapter.

## New Books Received.

THE MARRIAGE OF MR. MERIVALE. B Oveil Headfam. New York: G. P. Putnami Sons. \$1.25. Sona SLIS.

AS A FALLING STAR. By Elemer Gaylord Pheips. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. St. Lincoln's First Love. By Carrie Denglas Wright, Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. St. AT THE SIGN OF THE GINGER JAR. By Ray Clarke Ross. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. St.

& Co. St.

A FEARSOME RIDDLE. By Max Elimann.
Instrated. Indianapolis: The Bowen-Me

Company.

SYLVIA. By Evalyn Emerson. Boston: Small
Mayrard & Co. 81.30. THE WAGE OF CHARACTER. By Julien Gor-don, New York: D. Appleton & Co., \$1.25. SOME WOMEN I HAVE KNOWN. By Maarter Maartens. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50. JOY AND STRENGTH FOR THE PRICEIUS

DAY, By Mary Wilde, Tileston Little, Brown & Co. TEDDY, HER DAUGHTER, By Anna (Super Bay, Blustrated: Boston, Little, Brown a UP AND DOWN THE SANDS OF GOLD. B. Mary Deversus. Roston: Lattle, Brown of Co.

A LIST OF MAPS OF AMERICA. Library of Congress. Washington.

TO GIRLS. By Heloise Edwing Hersey. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. \$1. ton: Small, Maynani & Co. 81.
THE FORESHADOWED WAY. By Mrs. Helen Aldrich DeKroytt. New York: F. Tennyaon Neely Company. \$1.50.
ANNUAL REPORT OF THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION. Washington: Government Printing Office.

THE MIRACLES OF MISSIONS. By Arthur T Pierson, Illustrated, New York and London: Funk & Wagnalls Company, 90 cents. WITH "BOBS" and RRUGER, By Frederick William Unger, Illustrated, Henry T. Coates Company, \$2.

Coates Company, §2,
THE YOUNGEST CRL IN THE SCHOOL. By
Evelyn Sharp. Elinetrated. New York: The
Macmillan Company, §1.50.
THE APPIRMATIVE INTELLECT. By Charles
Ferguson. New York: Funk & Wagnalla
Company, 50 cents.
WHEN KNIGHTHOOD WAS IN FLOWER. Julia Marlowe edition." By Edwin Caskeden.
Illustrated. Indiatapolis. The Bowen-Merrill Company.

HISTORY OF AMERICAN VERSE, By James L. SUPS.
TWO TREATIES OF PARIS AND THE SUPREME COURT. By Sidney Webster. New York: Harper & Bros. \$1.25.
CHATTERBOX. By J. Erskine Clarke, M. A. Boston; Dana, Estes & Co. \$1.25.

Aster Town. The fairy asters toos beneath

A mild and misty sky;

The woods, that near their glorious death,
Ring with the bluelay's cry,
And here and there the dogwoods blue.

To light the feet through forest ways.

The couriers from the tupcloes
Ride fast, their time is brief;
They mount each restive breeze that blows
In pomp of scarlet leaf,
With tidings that the trees send down
To warn the feih of Aster Town. Fair folk! that face the morning skies,

Fair folk! that face the manner of the face of the fac

The sun has set; the starry sky
Awaits the lovely sight;
It is a fairy commany
That rises through the night.
They kiss their hands, and laughing down.
They cry farewell to Aster Town.

— Darske Dandridge in the Independent.

Such innecent companionship is here whether she wake or sleep. "The scarcely strange her eyes should wear The young child's merry, serious air. All the night long she hath by her The little breathing, pure and dear; Softer than breath of leaves and flowers Or the hot earth refreshed with flowers.

All night within that quiet place The children's angels rell the face, Hiding the glory all the night Lest that the glory prove too bright. She wakes at dawn with bird and child, And gardens washed and undefiled, All in the hear of scent and dew When God hath made his world anew.

And all His world's a garden where He walks at dawn to take the air, And calls His children that they play And make with lambs high obtilay.

Her daylight thoughts are set on toys And games for precious girls and hoos. Lest they should fret, lest they should weep, Strayed from their heavenity fellowship. She is as pretty and as brown As the wood-people far from town; As bright-eyed, glancing, shy of men As squirrel, finch, or Jenny Wren.

Tender she is to heast and bird, As in her bresst dim memory stirred Of days when those were kin of hers Who go in feathers or in furs.

She rules by love and rules by as And quaintly stern is kind withal As a girl-haby with her doll.

Day after day she keeps her guard Lost they be burt, lest they be marred; Is to the children without end Their visible, bird-like, angel friend. —Westminster Gaz

Compensation.

Where have they vanished, the mysterious junds
Which oft, far-off beholden, bathed in gold,
With genii and wonders manifold,
And great palms towering from hurning sands,
We fashioned with immediation's hands
From unforgotten legends, strangely old?
Where have they vanished?—Science, swift and
bold,
Has form the fairy fabric into strands.

Yet we have stolen from the coming years The undiscovered realist that once were our Not in revolt; but conscious that the hours Hold rich requital for old hopes and fears; And in these changes unperturbed we see The patient purpose of Divinity.

—Pelix N. Gerson in Lippincott's Magazine.

A Maid Who Died Old.

Frail, shrunken face, so pinched and worn, That life has carved with care and doubt! So weary waiting, night and morn, For that which never came about! Pale lamp, so utterly forlorn, In which God's light at last is out.

Gray hair, that Hes so thin and prima On either aide the sunion brows! Closed, hollow eyes, so deep and dim, Whose fire no word could now arouse, And folded hands, so virgin slim, Forever clasped in silent vows!

Poor breasts, that God designed for love, For baby lips to kim and press? That never felt, yet dreamed thereof. The human touch, the child caress— That he like shriveled blooms above The hear's long-perished happiness. Oh, withered body, Nature gave

For purposes of death and hirth,
That never know and could but crave
These things perhaps that make life worth!
Rest now, alsa! within the grave,
Sad shell that served no rad of earth,
—Madison Cawein in the Smart Set.

Sport in South Africa.

Ye say, the Boers are "sliv as thrice driven For shame! For shame! A year 1go, we read, Not thrice, but twenty times, how they drove Oh, coward boasting o'er a fallen foe!

Strive not, by sporting metaphors, to make
A brital jest of bloody homicide;

But do your work in silence, if ye must,
Being soldiers, and obedient to command;
And count not souls that pass as slaughtered
game;
These be not beasts ye "drive" to death, but
men-

An outraged race, outnumbered ten to one, which yet, for country, justice, liberty, Fights to extinction, purting faith in God.

—Bertrand Shadwell in the Chicago Post.

Haunted. My Love is dead. Yet day and night My Love is ever hear: For this I know by sound and sight, And, knowing, never few.

In drops of warm and limpid rain His ghostly kisses come; He shispers in the rustling grain, Yet say they, Death is domb! His eyes gaze down, two pitying stars,

Into mine own murated; He knocks against the unseen bars— The wood-bird stops, amazed. And when a game mic uplifts Betwirt the earth and moon, His own loved form the vapor rifts, And comes a whisper: "Scon!"

"Soon!"—ah, my Love, I tranquil wait, Till death's dissolvent wine Shall free my soul to loin its mate Beyond life; thin sky-line. —II. Arthur Powell, in the Oct. ber Critic.

Long waiting, watching for the day To patience bringth peace! When my child sighed his life away I felt but his release.

And mine own trouble second afar, Like semething long ago! I looked up to Night's ruling star, And felt a new life glow.

Deep in my heart-a certain haps. That faintly beamed before— As 't were the Angel some to ope, And not to close, the door.

There is a grief that slowly grown in storm, through bears, to calm; Sub-servous blossom late; the rose of automic breather most balm.

I know what death is now-a friend,
Through oft in hostic guise;
God's messenger, whose besons lend
New glory to the skirs.
—Thomas William Parsons. Ballade of Concelt.

To all se Critics who come to chilf
And to smirch the work of the blessed fes
Who feed on the fancy they try to kill,
I amap my fingers—the sailless crew?
What do I care if they bark and new?
This in the teeth of the mountis that whine
What have ye wrought ye can say this to:
"By Jove, I made it, and it is mine!"

Never a book that was writ so ill, Never a nook that was will so in.

Never a picture so false of hise,

Never a song with so little thrill,

That it had not something I'm glad was true!

What it I fail? I can still pursue,

loy of Creation, the giff divine!

And he who creates has at least this view;

"By Jove, I made it, and it is mine!"

Thank God, who gave me the wits and will, Chank God, who gave me the wise and will.

And the raging passion to put it through,
hever saw task that took so much skill
I dured not try, and I cared not do!
My work is crude, and a bit askew,
fou're free to condemn it. line by line,
But, bred of my brain, in my heart it grew;
"By Jove, I made it, and it is mine!"

ENVOY. Critica, your parasite life renew!

Prink my conceit, for it flows like wine;
Here is my poem, and here is your cue:

"By Jove, I made it, and it is mine!"

—Gelett Bungess.

Where is Company F, Eleventh Infantry?

At Ponce, Porto Rico. Which is the preferable way to address an un-married woman in a letter, "Dear Miss" or "Dear Madam?" A. A. H.

It is not a question of preference. "Dear Misa" is as vulgar as "Dear Mrs." would be. What do the initials, "I. H. S." stand for?

"Jesus Hominum Salvator," "Jesus, the Savior of Men."

What is the origin of the custom of putting the flag at half-mast? The old naval and military practice of lowering the flag in time of war as a sign of submission Who were the more noted classmates at West Point of Robert E. Lee? H. A. F.

Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, O. McKnight Mitchell, Li. D. F. R. A. S., and Major General: Brig. Gen. Seth Eustman, and Maj. Gen. James Barnes. Will you give me a list of the inventions of Thomas A. Edison? H. C. R. The duplex telegraph, carbon transmit-ter, phonograph microphone, megaphone, and incandescent lamp are some of the important ones. His minor inventions number several hundred.

F declares that German university students do not fight duels, A that they do; which is right?
D. A. R.

A is right, though there has been of recent years a marked decrease in the number of schlager duels. Where did the name Manhattan originate, and shat does it mean? L. C. J. Probably in the name of the tribe of Indians which inhabited Manhattan Island at the time of Hudson's discovery. The name has been said to signify "People of the Whiripool," from their nearness to Hell Gate.

Does an oil well, or gusher, continue to flow r does it become exhausted in time? P. It becomes exhausted usually, the time varying and depending on the nature of the geological formation and the number of nearby wells. After a well ceases to flow, it is customary to introduce a pump to draw up the oil.

Is ereen tex naturally green? E. B. There are naturally green teas, the color being the result of quickly drying the fresh picked leaf, the same leaf submitted to slow oxidation becoming black tea. But most of the brighter green tens that reach this country are colored with Prussian blue and gypsum in harmless quantity.

What is the Government of the Netherlands, and how should it be classed? 2. Is Argen-tina a Boman Catholic country? D. A. B. A constitutional monarchy; there are an hereditary monarch and a parliament of A constitutional monarchy, there are an hereditary monarch and a parliament of two houses. 2. Yes, the constitution recognizes the Roman Catholic religion as that of the State, but tolerates all other

What was the full name of Abraham Lincoln's ather, and what was his standing in life? W. G. C.

Thomas Lincoln. He was a carpenter, poor at his trade, a shiftless, ignorant squatter. Abraham Lincoln usually was slient concerning his forbears, but he once said: "My parents were both born in Virginia of undistinguished families—second families, perhaps I should say."

What are the belifs of the school of 'Post-ivists' represented by Frederick Harrison? R. G. L.

They are based on the system of philosophy, or method of philosophizing, of Comte, which had as its foundation the dectrine that man cannot have knowledge of anything but phenomena, and that such knowledge is relative, not absolute. You'll find an article on the system in any encyclopedia.

Will you give a brief description of the Amer-ican engle, especially as to size and color of feath-ers? H. M. W. His length is about forty inches, his spread of wings from seven to eight feet. The feathers of head, neck, and tail are snow white in the adult bird, the rost being a dincy grey-brown. Because of his white head and neck he is known as the 'baid eagle.'

Do ocean steamers of the largest size foat from Chicago to the Atlantic Ocean, and what is the route taken? C. V.

Most certainly not. The experimental vessels are no larger than the canal locks will accommodate—about 20 feet long and of 2,000 tons capacity. The route is the chain of Great Lakes, the Welland and Canadian canals, and the St. Lawrence River.

What is the meaning and origin of the name It is traced variously to Tchas (Tejas or Teyas), a small tribe of Indians, to an Indian word meaning "friends" or "friendly," to an Aztec word "Tchajas," meaning "north country," and to the word Tejas or Tejas, which was applied to the mound prairies and to the shape given to the wigwams by Neches Indians.

1. How many American soldiers, suilors, and marines were killed or died from wounds during the war with Spain? 2. How many Spanish sail-ors and rearines were killed or died from wounds during the same war? 3. How many Spanish sol-diers were killed or died from their wounds durdiers were killed or died from their wounds during the fighting in Cuba and Porto Rico? C. B.

In Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippine Islands, between May 1, 198, and
June 39, 1899, 23 officers and 256 callisted
men were killed, and 6 officers and 30 calisted men died of wounds. 2–3. We have
no means to ascertain the Spanish losses
during the war.

Will you name the eighteen best colleges and universities in the United States, and the order in which they rank? G. D. 4.

der in which they rank?

No: but we will give you the eighteen that have the largest number of students. They are Harvard University, University of Michigan, University of Minnesota, University of Georgia, University of Chicago, University of California, Northwestern University, Cornell University, Columbia University, University of Pennsylvania, Yale University, University of Wisconsin, University of Illinois, Washington University, Teachers' College, Girard College, Syracuse University, and Irake University.

Do members of the British Parliament wear their hats at all times during the section? 2. Can you give me the significance of the colors a the French tri-color? C. R. A. in the French tri-color?

No; members remove their hats while speaking, are expected to uncover when mentioned in another's remarks, and privy councillors raise the hat to signfy royal assent. On the other hand, a member who makes a point of order should be seated with his hat on 2. The red and blue were the colors of Paris, and white was the ancient color of France, it is said that white was added at the suggestion of Lafayette, who pointed out that red and blue were the colors of the house of Orleans.

Will you give me an idea of the methods used in working on horne? B. T. in working or horse?

They usually are soaked for several weeks in celd water, to separate the outer horn from an inner bony structure. Next the horn is heated, first for a half hour in beiling water, then by dry neat. Then the horn is in condition to be worked readily. When pressure is applied by succeeding processes, much care is used to avoid cracking the horn, and after pressing a bath of glycerine and water estores softness. Strength and elasticity come from treatment with tunnin, nitrie acid, suitshate of zine, or potash. Much dycing is done, too.

How is a canal lock constructed and manipulated? 2. What nation built the Succ Canal, and by what nation is it now owned and controlled? 2. How is sait taken from salt wairs at sai in order to use the water for sterm, cooling, and the like?

A lock is a chamber whose saids walls are practically a continuation of the canalis banks, and with a gate of each end that crosses the canal at right angles to its banks. A boar in passing from the that crosses the canal at right angles to its banks. A bear in passing treat the lower to the higher level of water enters the lock while the water is at the lower level. The lower level and the recent water from the higher level, and when the lock is filled to the higher level, and when the lock is filled to the higher level the other gaze is opened an the boat passes into the higher level. When a boat is going the other way, the process is reversed. I Cone-half the capital was turnished by the Khedive of Egypt, the rest by Europeans, mostly Frenchman. In N3 Beaconsfield bought the Khedive's interests, transferring them to the British Government, which new controls. England had been a persistent opponent of the canal during its construction, offering many obstacles to its completion. 3. By distillation; the sea water is boiled and the resulting steam condensed.

CURRENT VERSE. NOTES AND QUERIES.